

THE ARGUS.

Published daily at 1624 Second avenue, Rock Island, Ill. (Entered at the postoffice at Rock Island, Ill., as second-class matter, under the act of March 3, 1879).

BY THE J. W. POTTER CO.

Rock Island Member Associated Press.
Full Leased Wire Report.

Member Audit Bureau of Circulations.

Telephones in all departments. Central Union, Rock Island 145, 146 and 147.



Tuesday, June 6, 1916.

Rock Island—From River to River.

Root, La Follette, Fairbanks, Cummings, Sherman, Du Pont, Roosevelt. Even a supreme court justice will have difficulty in finding common ground for these men and their followers.

From "secret sources" Representative Farr has learned that since the beginning of the war the British navy has added a tonnage equal to the entire tonnage of the American navy. These "secret sources," the New York World says, were a speech made in the house of commons by Mr. Balfour, first lord of the admiralty.

In 20 months of the new democratic tariff, ending March 31, 1916, the balance of trade in favor of the United States in its world commerce exceeds \$2,339,000,000, as compared with less than half that, or \$1,493,000,000 during the last 20 months of the republican tariff. Who wants to abolish this career of prosperity by a return to old conditions?

Four years ago honest republicans differed honestly as to grave matters of state policy. Now they are expected to get together without any of those questions having been settled. Whether conservative or progressive, they are expected to vote to "beat Wilson." Tens of thousands of them will not be content thus to bury a fight for principle under the inglorious cover of a rush for pie.

The recent decision of the New York court of appeals that an elevator is not a vehicle reverses the appeal court decision in the same state that an elevator fell fairly within the definition of a vehicle. Both decisions were rendered in connection with the workingmen's compensation law. This conflict illustrates the nicety the legal problem presents. Presumably "anything that runs up and down" is to be the words of the court, is not a vehicle. In view of this decision one wonders what the "status" of an aeroplane is when ascending in a verticle "line."

NO DIFFERENCE.

"A good many democrats," remarked Senator Swanson of Virginia, "appear to be worrying over the prospects of the nomination of Justice Hughes, the assumption on their part being that he is the only formidable candidate the republicans could name against President Wilson. Another section seems equally timorous lest the opposition name Roosevelt. My own view of the situation makes me think of an incident that happened down in my section of the Old Dominion.

"An old colored man went to the county court house and secured a license to marry one Liza Brown. A little later he went back to the clerk's office and told that official that he had made a mistake in the name; that it was Mandy Brown, a sister of Liza, whom he wanted to wed. The clerk told him that he could not change the name, but would have to issue him a new license, and that the said document would cost him an additional dollar. Old Sam seemed perplexed at this unwelcome piece of news, and scratching his head, remarked:

"Mistah, you jes hold dis papah for a while 'til I can go out an' fix dis thing up."

"In about an hour the applicant returned and said:

"Boss, jes han' me back dat papah you got, sah. Him 'til do jes lak it is. Ise gone out an' looked dem gals ovah an' come to de conclusion dat dere ain't no difference wuth of difference betwixt 'em."

"ON BEING HUMAN."

The leader of a nation is in great measure also its teacher, and the words of a man elevated to high executive position carry weight with thousands who would give scant heed to these same precepts if uttered elsewhere. President Wilson's utterances reach forcefully the ears of one hundred million people by virtue of his office; it is a distinct national gain that these utterances should be inspired by a mind trained to impart knowledge and tempered by a scholarly sense of ultimate values, as well as a historian's breadth of vision and perspective.

"On Being Human" is the title of President Wilson's brief but happily conceived volume just published by the Harper's. Remote from anything that might be termed didactic, both in substance and style, but with that keenness and friendliness of manner which recalls Stevenson's delightful little homilies, it seeks to turn our thoughts toward our daily lives, and especially toward that vast middle ground—"that which lies between religion on the one hand and the need of food and clothing on the other."

The tendency of the times is to curtail man's wholeness, to specialize his activities, quickening some and stunting others. Life has been "speeded up," with the concomitants of haste, preoccupation, and nervous wear and tear. We have become parts of a great machine, and the tendency of this narrowing of function and urgency of effort is to make us lose that individual strength and human well-roundedness which we should possess. One recognizes at once the validity of this indictment; a rehumanizing process may today profitably engage our serious consideration. President Wilson thereupon lays

stress upon two importance factors—genuineness and serenity. The former implies that mixture of spontaneity and intelligence which makes for individuality and which marks the robust, upright nature. It goes with good sense and self-respect. To be genuine is in effect a self-liberation. And in natural sequence genuineness will evoke serenity—that peace of mind and soul so needful in the turmoil of our age. Serenity should not imply lack of action or inaction. Rather it may accompany an alert interest in affairs—that broad curiosity and sympathy with all things human which distinguishes man's outlook from that of brute creation. Furthermore, we are not the first of human beings. Ours is the heritage of countless generations in which the humanizing process has been going steadily on. How stupid, then, he who would live as if our life in the world had just begun, shutting his eyes to the great store of everything which the ages have provided to give enlightenment and variety to life! The world would open to him the "clear voices that ring in these writings upon life and affairs which mankind has chosen to keep." Thus are we admonished to heed the lesson of the past.

President Wilson's little volume is a challenge to the best that is in us. One cannot read these pages without experiencing a stirring of the spirit and an impetus toward a larger and fuller life.

WELCOME REPORTER.

Davenport Democrat: Men who have made large successes in business, and in the political field, have found a large factor of that success to have been the intelligent help they have had from newspaper men. They have been men who knew the value of news to the reporter, and who have earned the newspaper man's good will by "tipping him off" to news items whenever they came under their observation. They have learned, too, that the best way to gain the cooperation of the newspaper man is by having confidence in him, and many a man in public and business life who would not have been so successful had he not been so friendly with newspaper men.

This fact is called to attention by a Chicago dispatch to the effect that in an address on "Business Men and Newspaper Reporters," Warren R. Bullock of Milwaukee told the convention of the National Lumber Manufacturers' association that American merchants have lost great opportunities to advance their business interests because of failure to appreciate the pride of newspaper reporters in their profession. He asked the lumbermen particularly to help themselves by helping the reporters to get news.

"As an average newspaper man," said Mr. Bullock, "I want to tell you that the poorest newspaper reporter feels that when he goes to interview a business man he is the official representative of the great American public, which is entitled to know the news of the world. By turning away, often with discourtesy, the newspaper reporter who seeks news of the business world, the business men of the country have lost great opportunities, and instead of making friends, they have often made enemies.

"There are two ways in which this condition is being remedied. One is by a more liberal attitude of the business man toward the reporter, the other is by advertising. Treat the reporter as a co-worker, not as an offensive intruder. The newspaper wants news. If you have news, give it out, and give it out right. You will never get the worst of it if you follow this policy."

Mr. Bullock has been a newspaper man who has had large dealings with business men. He speaks by the card.

NOYES TO THE WAR.

Alfred Noyes evidently appreciates the logical conclusion to be drawn from his advice that the United States, in the interest of humanity, should join the ranks against Germany, for he has gone home to England to enlist in the army.

Mr. Noyes was under no compulsion to go. His connection with Princeton university gave him an excellent excuse for remaining in this country, despite his British citizenship, and it is a tribute to his manhood that he should offer his services in advance of any legislation affecting Englishmen in foreign countries.

The mere fact that Mr. Noyes is an Englishman, and that his country is at war, does not make his case totally different from that of Americans who have been regarding American participation in the war.

Colonel Roosevelt, for instance, who believes that we should go to war against Germany—who who did believe so a few months ago—is negligent of his duty to humanity if he fails to offer his services to those more heroic nations which are doing their duty.

"Fear God and take your own part," is the colonel's motto. The fact that this country has not taken its part, as defined by the colonel's advice, does not in the least relieve Roosevelt of the necessity of obeying his own command. If the country's part is entry into the war, Roosevelt's place is at the front. He should be there now, calling on the country to follow, not urging it to go first.

Colonel Roosevelt is a warrior. Mr. Noyes is a poet and a pacifist. Mr. Noyes has been preaching against war for many years. But he is going to take his own part.

The pacifist offers his services against the Germans. The warrior is still talking—and has changed the subject, though not the pronoun.

Mr. Noyes is worth a good deal more to the world, at this time of life, than Colonel Roosevelt. It is yet to be seen whether the British war department will send him to the front, or enlist him in a capacity which will assure the preservation of his talents for future days. Should he be killed in action, it would be a fitting termination of a career made notable by its exposure of the brutal waste of war. It would be an indictment of war such as Noyes could not have recorded in his poetry.

Berlin.—One of the unique activities of the war, an extended concert tour along the Hindenburg section of the German east front, has just come to a close after what one might term an extraordinarily successful engagement. A Russian offensive of almost unprecedented violence and bitterness failed to disturb the project in any material way.

The tour was made by a group of distinguished musicians from Berlin, Dresden and other centers. It was con-

Selected by Tavenner

IS IT SURPRISING?

The organs of the predatory interests cannot understand why the young workmen of the nation do not respond to the call to arms. They behold with a feeling of amazement compounded with indignation the refusal of the National Guard of Texas, Arizona, New Mexico and Oklahoma to render military service on the Mexican border; they cannot understand why our recruiting officers have only been able to secure about 6,000 men in three months. They point with pride to the 140,000 patriots who marched up Broadway, New York, and the 100,000 who thronged along the streets of Boston; and yet the country's call for 20,000 men has not been answered.

To the man in the street the question naturally arises: Why don't those New York and Boston patriots visit the recruiting station and enlist? There is nothing gained, no purpose served, no victories won parading the streets of peaceful cities to the strains of martial music. Why don't these valiant patriots march to the Mexican border and take the place of the National Guard who declare they are too poor to leave their work to kill men they never saw and against whom they have not the remotest grievance? Furthermore, those New York and Boston patriots and their hirelings practically own the country in fee simple, while the workers are in destitute circumstances; consequently the former have everything to fight for, while the latter have not.

According to the report of the commission on industrial relations the wealth of the country between 1890 and 1912 increased from \$65,000,000,000 to \$187,000,000,000, or 188 per cent, while the aggregate income of wage earners in manufacturing, mining and transportation had increased between 1889 and 1909 only 95 per cent, from \$2,516,000,000 to \$4,915,000,000 in 1909.

Furthermore, the wage earners' share of the net product of industry in the case of manufacturers was only 40 per cent in 1909 as compared with 45 in 1889.

It is evident both from the investigations of the industrial relations commission and the reports of the various departments of the government that a large part of our industrial population is living in a condition of actual destitution. How large this proportion is cannot be precisely determined, but it is certain that at least one-third, possibly one-half, of the families and wage-earners employed in the mining and manufacturing industries earn less in the course of the year than is necessary to support them in anything like a comfortable and respectable condition.

In 1909 the immigration commission made an extensive investigation of the earnings of 619,555 employees of all classes in our basic manufacturing and mining industries and also as to the income and living conditions of 15,726 families.

It was found that the incomes of almost two-thirds of the families, 64 per cent, were less than \$750 a year; and of almost one-third, 31 per cent, were less than \$500. The general average being \$731. It was also shown that the very least a family could live upon in anything approaching decency is \$700.

Why in the name of political and industrial justice should these people be asked to enlist in our army and navy and give it out right? You will never get the worst of it if you follow this policy."

Mr. Bullock has been a newspaper man who has had large dealings with business men. He speaks by the card.

FIRST SUCCESSFUL SUB

There is a statement that the Tredgare Iron works at Richmond, that great arsenal of the confederacy, turned out early in 1861 a submarine patterned after a diving-bell, which speedily demonstrated its complete utility. Much farther south, in the city of New Orleans, early in 1862, three men—Captain W. L. Huntley, Captain James McClintock, and Baxter Watson—began building submarines.

After two attempts, the builders constructed, largely out of a cylindrical boiler which happened to be on hand, a boat 30 feet long, four feet wide, and five feet deep—a huge iron coffin in looks, a huge iron coffin in brief career to fully 32 brave men, and withal one of the most remarkable craft that ever rode the waters. Her power was that of eight men who worked the shaft of an ordinary propeller, in the shaft of storage batteries and gasoline motors. There were ballast tanks to take in sea water, and a force pump to eject it. She submerged by taking in water and by depressing external fins like those of a fish, and traveled very slowly when submerged, the men working in total darkness save for the light of a single candle, and so crowded together that no one could leave his seat, or his position, the two navigators standing with their heads in the two hatchways by which the boat was entered and left.

In Charleston harbor, in midsummer, 1863, her career of stark tragedy began. Lieutenant John Payne, C. S. N., volunteered to take command, and there was rivalry between the boat, the Hunley, or the "American Diver," as she was called, and the David, which assailed the federal Goliath, the New Ironsides, and did her such serious injury.

To return to the Hunley, Lieutenant Payne was getting ready for a first attack with his submarine, after several successful under-water plunges under the harbor, when a swell came, and the Hunley, being eight feet high, was hoisted out of the water. In a precisely similar happening soon after, six more men were lost. Raised again, this floating boiler was turned over to a civilian crew headed by Captain Hunley himself, under whom she practiced for many weeks, until, on Oct. 15, 1863, because of careless handling, probably by Hunley himself, she once more dived to the bottom and there remained for nine days, with nine additional victims drowned or asphyxiated within her. It would seem as if that might have been enough, but it was not for confederates while the enemy was in sight. Two soldiers from

ducted at the request of the field marshal himself. Both soldiers in the fighting lines and invalids in the hospitals behind the front shared equally the pleasures of the concerts. The

theory privileges that have through legislation, bribery, judicial corruption and executive domination forced upon the country our present industrial system, that robs the wage-earner of the fruits of his weary toil and reduces him to a condition with helplessness and hopelessness, expect him to be an ardent patriot.

Moreover, the workers no longer have any legal or political rights that the predatory corporations and criminal trusts feel bound to respect.

In states where these predatory interests dominate, the courts have held that the governor may, by proclamation of martial law, confer upon himself and his minions an autocratic and irresponsible power over his fellow citizens in a described area. The average Gothamite will agree that there ought to be an inquiry to determine Mr. Clallin's sanity.

COLONEL Bryan, when asked if he would accept the nomination for the presidency of the prohibition party, replied that he felt he could do more for the cause by remaining in the democratic party. Diplomatic, though a trifle indiscreet, say we.

THE best majority of candidates in Chicago this week will get in the knowledge that the folks back home will see their pictures in the papers.

OWNER of a Chicago shoe shop was found dead in his place of business. And that's the last of another good comedian.

THE weather department seems to be leading a conspiracy to put the Palm Beach suit out of the running.

GIRL lost a shoe while marching in the Chicago preparedness parade last Saturday. She appears to have been over prepared.

ROOSEVELT, in refusing to attend the conventions in Chicago this week, is not unlike the small boy who fills a tin can with powder, lights the fuse, then runs away.

ANOTHER member of Lincoln's bodyguard has passed away. Lincoln must have had a whole army for a guard if all those who have died in the past few years saw actual service in the capacity their biographers said they did.

Attending to Their Knitting. They report that all the farmers up that way are busy with their spring sewing, which they are anxious to get in before it is too late.—Williamira (Ore.) Times.

Beats an Alarm Clock. We usually retire about 9 o'clock. Last Wednesday night we were somewhat weary. Knowing that it was nearing 9, we slipped off our pants and went to bed and sat down on a wasp!

"We never heard the clock strike 9 at all."—Clarksville (Ark.) Democrat.

SUNSHINE. There's always some bright sunshine And a day somewhere that's fair To lead us from the shadows In the heaviest hour of care. There's always something singing Through the sorrow and the tear; There's always something bringing Unto every life some cheer.

We're not the only sufferers. There are others plunged in woe; We haven't all the troubles. There are lots we never know. And life's still worth the living Though a lot of things go wrong. If we'd only keep on giving Love and tenderness and song.

There's a gospel of sweet laughter That we ought to follow more. If we hope for an hereafter On a bright and shining shore. There's a creed of helping others That would help us all a lot. When our trials and tribulations Have been buried and forgot.

Always some bright sunshine If you try to see it clear; Something sweeter than the shadows, Something happier than the tear. And the very time we murmur That there's so much gloom and night Is when the sun is struggling To bestow on us its light.

—The Bentztown Bard.

YOU may, comma, or you may not, comma, have observed during your journey through this valley of tears that when an ordinary individual, judged by monetary standards, errs morally, he is acclaimed a degenerate.

When his brother of the bank roll slips he is called eccentric. The moral of this is that if you contemplate violating the conventions postpone the leap until you have accumulated sufficient of this world's goods to insure classification in the latter set.

MEMBER of the Spanish nobility who is visiting Chicago told the reporter that he had found the Yankees the most hospitable people he had ever met. Chances are he has been hobnobbing with salesmen for war munitions plants. They are all on unlimited expense accounts.

I AM 82 years young and getting younger every day," Chauncey Deppew says. Growing childish, as it were.

FORMER Illinoisan who served a term in Joliet is a delegate from Colorado to the republican national convention. His duty will probably be to jimmy the mechanism of the steam roller if an attempt is made to operate it in the convention hall.

THE big city newspapers are making the usual spectacles of themselves in engaging celebrities—who know about as much of the art of news reporting as the w. k. bovine knows about the Sabbath—to cover the national political conventions. We may yet expect one of them to press Jean Jones or Panchito Villa into service. The only objection to the former is that he might poison the news.

"BEAR Hunter Here. Is Strong for Roosevelt."—Headline in Chicago Herald. The goat hunter has not yet arrived.

CHORDS AND DISCORDS

LOCAL time has been advanced one hour throughout Italy. The wops would be more interested, however, in an advance of their country's armies.

DISPATCH states that the British line at Ypres is manned by Canadians. The king evidently has decided not to despoil the perfectly good uniforms of the 2,000,000 of his countrymen he is holding at home.

JOHN Clallin, the merchant prince of New York, who failed two years ago, declares he is today worth less than \$2,000, having sacrificed his personal wealth to protect his creditors. The average Gothamite will agree that there ought to be an inquiry to determine Mr. Clallin's sanity.

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The Daily Story

Sam and Sue—By M. Quad.

Sam Horton was a young butcher. He was short and squat and twenty-two years old. He had a waddle like a goose when he walked. He moved over from the town of Grand Lodge to the town of Eaton Rapids and opened a butcher shop.

Sue Smith had got eighteen years old. She was a good looking girl, but pert to the point of impudence.

Sam brought a bottle of dog over from Grand Lodge with him.

Miss Sue owned a cross-eyed cat. She was not a handsome feline, but she was an affectionate one. Unlike most cats, she would follow her mistress about town like a loving dog. When Sue Smith heard that a new butcher had come to town and that he was a young man who would probably be looking around for a wife she did not wait long before she presented herself at the shop and asked for a juicy piece of meat for her companion. The cat, of course, followed her. She had also heard the news, and she hoped for a change from the old butcher.

While the young butcher was smiling and bowing and filling the order and saying to himself that a good looking girl stood before him his bottled dog entered the shop. There was a growl and a snarl, and cross-eyed cat, bottled dog, girl and butcher and sawdust seemed to be all mixed up. The row lasted until the cat flew out, and then Sue Smith turned to the butcher and said:

"I would like to burn your dog, sir," exclaimed Miss Sue as she flashed the young man a look of indignation.

"Oh, as to that," he replied with a faint smile, "your old cat may suddenly disappear off the earth."

And that was how her cross-eyed cat and his bottled dog first met, and there were no cooling doves around to make them remember the first meeting with pleasure. Miss Sue went around telling all her friends that the new butcher not only had the heart of a fiend, but he dared stand right up to her and sass back.

During that year they met time after time. Sometimes the dog and the cat were along, and sometimes they were not. When they were not there was just as much cause for sarcastic words as when they were. For instance, when the butcher was about to pass Miss Smith's gate one day and Miss Sue was hanging over it he lifted his hat and made a grand bow and said:

"I trust, Miss Smith, that your old cat is dead and buried."

"Sir," she replied, wanting to hit him in a new place this time. "I was watching your walk as you came up the street. It is not a walk; it is a waddle. You walk like a goose, sir."

"There! That settles it. You see if they aren't married within six months. All that was needed was something like this!"

And the dog and cat lived happy together forever more.

And they glared at each other and glared and glared, and Sam finally passed on, and Sue went into the house with tears in her eyes, to be asked by her mother:

"What's happened now?"

"It's that Sam Horton. He had the cheek, after what I have said about him, to accept an invitation to Molly Hard's birthday party last night. Yes, he was there. Not only was he there, but Molly had several good words for him. Oh, how I hate him!"

"There, there, daughter. Don't get so worked up about it," soothed the mother. "This is a strange world, and it wouldn't be so very strange if love came to you both by and by."

"Never!" was the terrible reply.

Sam Horton was hurt by having his walk called a waddle, but there was nobody to console him. Therefore as he saved a beef bone in two he consoled himself by saying:

"Darn that Smith girl! I will marry her or die!"

One day Sam Horton had gone out into the country with his horse and wagon to buy a calf. On that same day Miss Sue Smith had taken a walk about a mile and sat down on the bank of the river. She was a bit worried over the young butcher. It was becoming more and more difficult for her to find hard words to apply to him. When last he had passed her his face almost wore a smile.

She was meditating very deeply on this weighty subject when Sam and his cart and calf came in sight of the road. He was driving like all butchers drive. The horse was at his best trot, and the driver was looking around to view the landscape. That horse was headed in an almost straight line for the girl. She saw it and gasped. She saw it and hastily rose up and rather more hastily the treacherous soil under her feet crumbled away, and she went tumbling down the bank and landed in the river with a great splash. She did not know when the butcher pulled up his horse and jumped from his cart. She did not know when he came limping after her. She did not know when he dived after her and crawled up the bank with her dripping form in his arms. She did not know when he arrived at her father's gate with the cheerful calf and the half-drowned girl in his cart.

In fact, Miss Sue Smith was not much on the know for a good many hours and then came back to her normal condition to hear her mother say to her father:

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